Wyll thou now hyde thy face [illegible]
in the time of our tribulation:
While the enemies of thy word,
do set vp their abhominacion.
Thy promise Lord we do beleue,
That thou wilt helpe vs in due tyme:
Although that tirauntes do vs greue,
by death or life, yet we are thyne.
For this we know assuredly,
the Lords right hād can sone chaūge al
Wherefore we pray most hartely,
for his poore Church in generall.
Help now O lord for thy names sake
for all mens thoughtes are vaine truly
Thus of my lyfe my leaue I take,
trusting for euer to dwell with thee.

Finis. quod Raffe Allerton.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

A briefe rehersall of parte of the auctours trouble, entituled God is my comforte.

IN trouble and aduersitie,
we do finde most assuredlye,
As the Prophet doth testifie,
that God is our comforte.
We do not feare the euyl daies,
Nor folow not the wicked waies
Of Antechrist nor yet his lawes,
For God is our comfort.
Although we haue bene tied in fetters
So hath bene some of our betters,
As Peter, John, and such others,
Yet God was their comfort.
Both all day and night in the stockes,
With pretty yrons and double lockes,
Abiding tauntes, rebukes and mockes
Yet God is our comfort.
If we do our Butchers displease,
Then are we cast in litle ease,
And often byt with Lise and fleas,
Yet God is our comfort.

Sum

Sumtime we are in Lolers towèr,
Or in the Colehouse stinking flowèr,
Looking when they will vs deuour,
But God is our comfort.
With whyps & rods they do vs threate
Saying, doubles we shall you beate,
If we will not the round god eate,
Yet God is our comfort.
We may not pray if it be hard,
Unto God that is our safegarde,
Gag him say they for a rewarde,
Though God be his comfort.
If we syng a godlye song,
Out of the stockes we are not long,
And then they say we lyue wrong,
But God is our comfort.
Let thē not haue their meate say they,
And their drinke see you keepe away,
But bread and water eche other day:
Yet God is our comfort.
They did keepe vs Gentilly,
In stocking vs so tenderly,
Until the blood in our hose did lye,
Yet God is our comfort.

Our Bible they haue taken away,
And our bookes wheron we did pray,
With other thinges the truth to say,
Yet God is our comfort.
Although w cords they haue vs bound
With giues and giuers tricke & round,
Yet in our troubles we haue found,
That God is our comfort.
What if they burne vs in the fyre:
Let this be onely our delyre,
To raigne with God in his empyre,
For he is our comfort.
Let all people be glad with me,
That standes to Christes veritie,
And take the crosse vp ioyfullye,
For God is our comfort.
See that no troubles turne your hart,
Nor of the flesh to feare the smart,
So shall you surely haue your part,
With Christ your whole comfort.

Finis. quod. R. I.

¶ The song of the poore prisoners in Lolers tower.

CAin wilt thou not withdrawe thy hande,
to ceasse thy frowarde wille
Wilt thou lift vp thy fiery brand,
and bere poore Abel stille
Though Abel haue no fleshly stregth
thy furious wrath to tame:
Yet God will preserue him at ỹ length,
to thy rebuke and shame.
Although his flesh thou lay full low,
thy wrath to satisfie:
Yet by the death of Lamethes bow,
for his bloud thou shalt die.
Though Ismael had the greater stay,
before the promis begonne:
Yet God bad Abraham put away,
the bond mayd with her sonne.
Though Jacob fled his brothers ire
to cause the furie ceasse:
Yet God gaue him his whole desyre,
and brought him home in peace.

When

When Israel out of Egipt fled,
from him that held them thrall:
The lord preserued the righteous seede
and drowned their enemies all.
When that Golias in his great pride
his hie blastes out did blow:
The Lord sone layd his pompe aslyde,
and brought his boastinges low.
Whē king Saul sought Dauids life
without Dauids offence:
The Lord at last ended that strife,
and Saule made recompence.
When Achor to a tree was bounde,
because he truth did tell:
He was soone healed of that wound,
by the God of Israell.
When Holofernes in his rage,
against Gods flocke did stand:
Then soone did his pride asswage,
euen by a womans hand.
When Aman made a gallowes strōg
for Mardocheus the Iewe:
Himselfe was hanged thereon ere long
for God is iust and true.

When

When Sulan was without refuge,
and like to ſuffer payne:
The Lord that is a righteous iudge
did pay her foes agayne.

As Daniel in the Lions den,
was kept from wo and griefe:
So God preſerueth righteous men,
and ſendes them quicke reliefe.

When that ỹ ouen was made red hot
the Childzen to deſtroy:
Gods angell then the flame out ſmot,
and walked with them in ioy.

When Peter & John in priſon were,
for preaching of Gods word:
Gods angell did the dooze vnbarre,
as Luke doth well record.

Thus by examples ſtrong and ſure,
the Scripture doth witnes:
The enemies power cannot endure,
for God doth it ſuppres.

When God made al thinges with his word
he bleſt it with increaſe:
But ſoone the deuil wrought Cain the
& bad him breake the peace.

So from that day vnto this houre,
Cain hath the ſword in hand:
Seeking styl Abell to deuoure,
eyther by ſea or land.
For by the diuels great enuie,
came death amongſt mankinde:
And all that his deare children
fulfill their fathers minde.
Dere Chriſtians be not now afrayd
to do your Maiſters will:
For he doth promiſe to be your ayd,
and your defence from ill.
His mercy is to ſuccour thoſe,
that truſt to him at neede:
Feare not, for God wil your bands loſe
as he hath promiſed.
Therfore ſticke hard vnto the word,
the which you haue profeſſed:
And then no doubt but that the Lord,
will ſee your cauſe redreſſed.
Now ſeing we ſhall deliuered be,
as Eldras doth declare:
By death or life, what cauſe haue we,
either to doubt or care.

But

But onely in our Lord Iesus,
to put our confidence:
Who in these dayes is vnto vs,
a tower and strong defence.

All prayse be to the liuing God,
which iudgeth righteously:
And in all ages fulfyls his word,
his name to magnify.

Finis.

¶ The wordes of Maister Hooper at his death.

O Lord Jesus, that for whose loue I leaue willyngly this lyfe, and desyre the bitter death of the crosse wyth the losse of all my worldlye thinges, then eyther to abyde the blasphemye of thy moste holye name, or to obey vnto menne, in breakynge of thy commaundementes. Thou seest Lord that where I myght lyue in wealth, to worship a false god and to honor thyne ennemy, I choose rather the tormentes of my bodye, and the losse of thys my lyfe, and I haue counted all thynges but vile dust and doonge, that I might wyn thee, whych death is more deare vnto mee then thousandes of gold and syluer, such loue Lorde, hast thou layd vp in my brest, that I hunger for thee as the Deere that is wounded desireth the soyle, so send thy holye comforter to ayde, comfort, & strengthen this weake

peece

peece of yearthe, whiche is of it self
empty of al strength: thou remembrest
that I am but vyle duste and doonge,
and of my selfe able to doo nothinge,
therfore O Lorde, as thou of thine ac-
customed loue, hast bydden me to thys
banket, & counted me worthy to drinke
of this thy cuppe amongest thine elect,
geue me strength against this thy elle-
ment, that as to my syghte it is moste
yrkesom, & vntollerable, so to my mynd
it may at thy commaundement go as
an obedient seruant, be swete and plea-
saunt, and through the strength of thy
holy spirite I maye passe through the
furie of this fyre, into thy bosom, accor-
ding to thy promise, and for this mor-
tall lyfe, receyue an immortalitie, and
for this corruptible, receyue an incor-
ruptible. Accept thys burnt sacrifice,
O heauenly father, not for the sacrifice
sake, but for thy deare sonnes sake my
Sauiour, for whose testimonie I of-
fer this my free wyll offeryng with all
my

my soule. O heauenly father, forgeue me my synnes, as I forgeue all the worlde. O swete sonne of God my sauiour spreade thy wynges ouer me. O God the holye ghost, comforte, strengthen, and stablish me: and as through thy mightye power thou hast brought me hyther to dye, so conduct me into euerlastyng blysse. O Lorde into thy handes I commende my spirite, thou haste redeemed me, O God of truthe. Lorde haue mercye vpon me, Christ haue mercy vpon me, Lord haue mercy vpon me. Amen.

Finis.

These are the wordes that Maister John Hooper wrote on the wall with a cole, in the newe Jn in Gloceter, ỹ night before he suffered.

Content thy selfe with pacience,
With christ to bear ỹ cros of paine

Who